

WONDER SIGHTS OF THE METROPOLIS FIRST SOUGHT BY STRANGERS

This Big Town Is the Greatest Show on Earth and Its Attractions Are Sought by the Millions From Here, There and Everywhere, but Invariably "The Bridge" Is the First Thing They Ask About.

Go to any part of the United States and ask the wide-awake and appreciative inhabitant what he considers the greatest show on earth, and nine times out of ten he will answer "The city of New York."

Indeed, it is. New York is circus and menagerie in one; it is museum and spectacle; it is pageantry and pomp. It is comedy and tragedy, farce and melodrama—a play on which the curtain never goes down from one day's beginning to another's. Like the peregrinating shows which delight the souls of millions, the New York show has its street parades, surpassing all others imaginable; its side shows, its "usual refined concert after the regular performance."

It has almost anything and everything which the heart could wish or the imagination conceive, and all for the price of nothing at the door. It is, indeed, what our old friend Bailey claims for his own most worthy aggregation of attractions—"The Greatest Show on Earth."

It would be interesting—nay, startling—if the number of those who come to New York just to "see the sights" could be gathered. In some far-off village or

New York is like a growing boy. The things which interested you about the city do not now interest so much. The gurgles of the infant which were deemed so cute and cunning until they gave place to the bright sayings of childhood and in turn to the more important interests of full-grown manhood, are like the show things of New York a quarter of a century ago to the New York of today.

But there are some monuments which do not pass with the flight of years, some which never will pass out of the list of "headliners" in the city's scenic attractions, and first and greatest of these is the Brooklyn Bridge.

It is the first thing asked for—always. "I want to see the bridge," says the stranger as soon as he or she sets foot in the city. "What is the way to the bridge?" They speak of it as men speak of Shakespeare, Beecher, Lincoln. They do not have to specify what bridge they mean. There are many bridges in New York. There is but one bridge, as there is but one Niagara.

And when they see the beautiful and graceful masterpiece of engineering, whether it be from a boat which passes underneath the central span, from a



BROOKLYN BRIDGE, WHICH EVERY STRANGER MAKES IT A POINT TO SEE.

No City in the World Offers So Many Wonders of Modern Architecture as May Be Found in Manhattan, and These Modern Structures, With the Parks and Drives, Make New York a Mecca of All Sightseers.

in by the back door of Canada. But that's another story.

Millionaires' Four Corners is one of the sights that even New Yorkers like to see. There is something which does not pall about a man of many millions, and his house, his auto, his wife, and other possessions all appeal to that sensitive nerve which affects all branches of the human family apparently in the same way.

The Corners—you know them! Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. On one corner the red and white house of the Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the greatest private residence in the world. Across the way the dark brown palace of the late Collis P. Huntington, a man who began life as a pack peddler and ended it as a Croesus, whose millions are in danger, because it is alleged they were obtained through evil methods.

On the southwest corner the vine-covered house handed down from William C. Whitney to his son, and vis-a-vis to that the white palaces of half a dozen millionaires.

An interesting cross roads, truly. The richest Four Corners that one would be likely to find anywhere.

Of course, no stranger comes to New

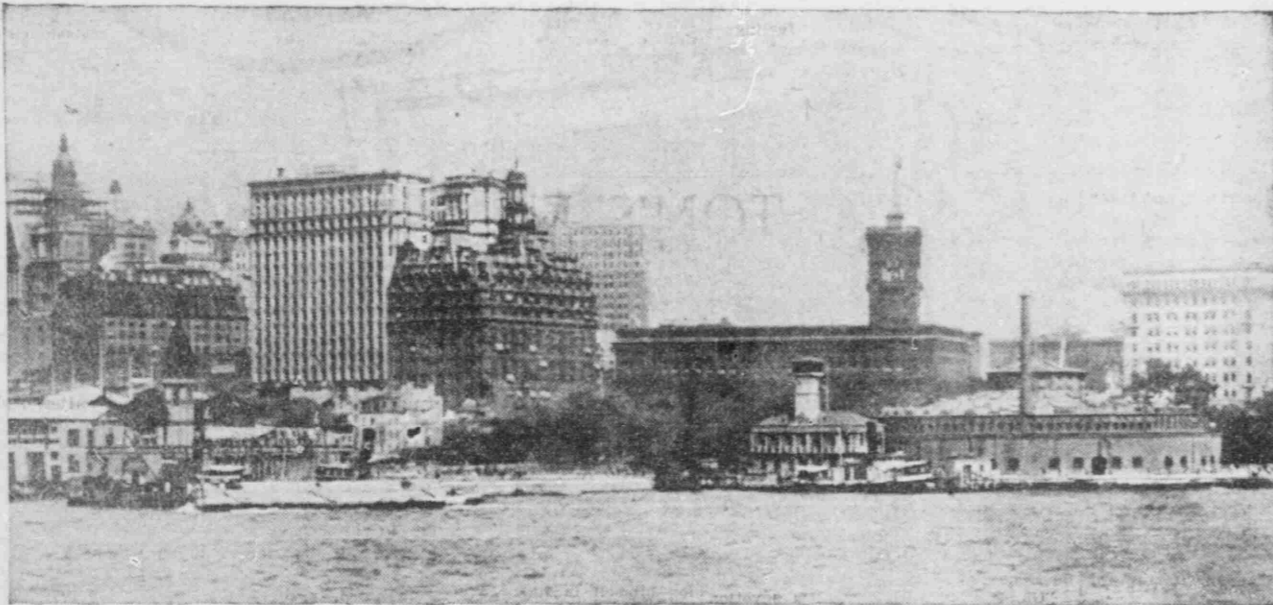
sterdam became known as "Bouwerie Lane," the settlement itself taking the name of "Bouwerie Village."

Peter Stuyvesant's farm extended from the junction of what is now Third and Fourth Avenues, to Seventeenth Street, and eastward to Second Avenue, where, at the corner of Tenth Street, his home was located.

Third Avenue was then known as the Boston Post Road. It started at the upper end of the Bowery, and was first opened to the public January 1, 1673. Over this road during the earlier years of its existence a messenger rode to Boston once a month with letters and packages. Later a regular line of stage coaches was maintained between the cities.

Tompkins Market, which fronts on Cooper Square, was in those early days the site of the village schoolhouse, in which the learned Harman Hoeboken taught the sons and daughters of the settlers.

The sturdy Dutch settlers, when they came to New Amsterdam to live, brought with them the customs of the Fatherland. They had been accustomed at home to meet each other at a public inn, where in winter, before a blazing



THE BATTERY, SHOWING THE AQUARIUM, FORMERLY CASTLE GARDEN.



GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE AND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

hamlet or in some lonely farmhouse they pinch and save for years in order to get enough money to fulfill the ambition of their lives.

And how they do enjoy the great free show which the metropolitan city offers to their wondering eyes! It is a show which those who live in New York fail to appreciate, because custom has made the sights commonplace.

This is true at least of the great majority. There are a few appreciative souls who never tire of the endless variety of the great vaudeville performance always going on about them, who take the Brooklyn Bridge by the promenade and not the stuffed and stuffy cars, and who pause with the strangers to watch the irresistibly interesting panorama of the rivers, the sister boroughs, the bay, the islands, which lie about the feet of the giant viaduct.

From year's end till year's end trains and boats are pouring travelers into the city who are really tourists, sightseers, who come to New York as New Yorkers go to the Alps, the Yosemite, to Niagara Falls, the White Mountains, to see what there is to see in these wonders of the world.

What are the show places of the town? What are the things for which the stranger first asks? Years ago, it was Trinity Church steeple and the "Tribune Tall Tower"—both dwarfed amid the greater splendors of architecture which recent years have given to the city.

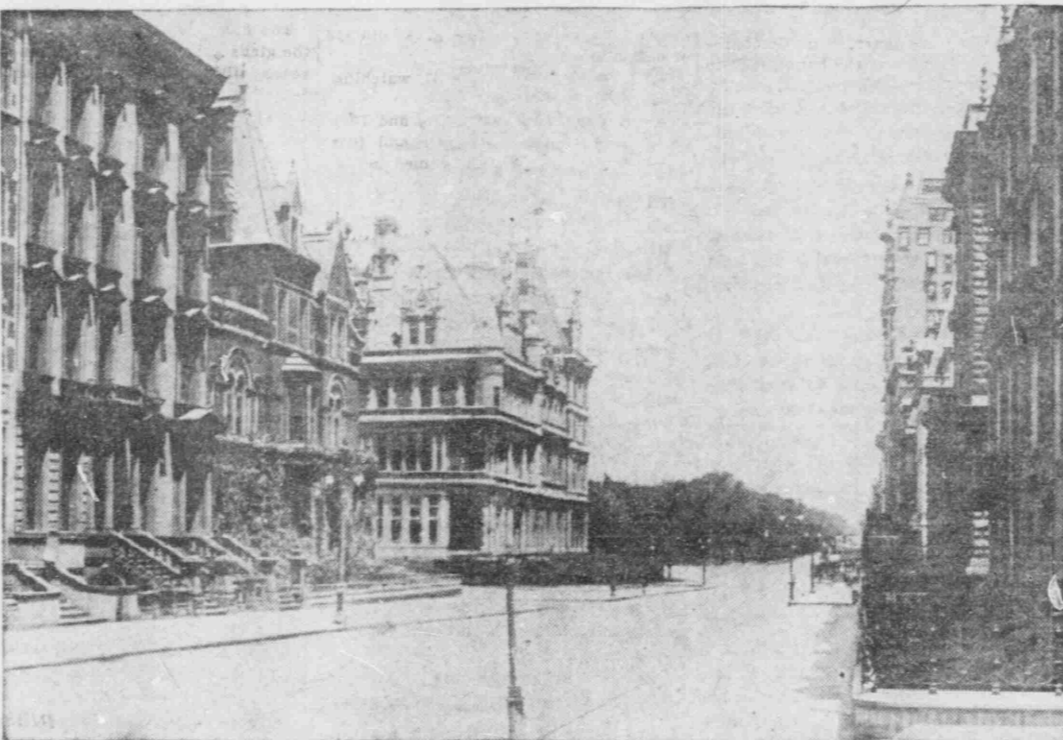
lofty building or from the center of the promenade, it never disappoints expectation. It is greater than the dreams which they had had of it. To New York the bridge is what St. Peter's is to modern and the Coliseum to ancient Rome; what St. Paul's is to London.

It is a pleasant thing to pause upon the great promenade—New York's Board Walk—and watch the country folk trailing endlessly across it, their faces lit by an awe indescribable, their hearts beating fast as they find themselves suspended in midair by those giant strands at once so strong and wonderful.

They have read about it a hundred times. They have seen pictures until they are as familiar with its outlines as with the faces of their dearest friends—so familiar that when they find themselves standing, aerial, upon the real thing, they scarcely can believe the evidence of their senses. But it is all true, and soon they begin to enjoy themselves, and it is impossible to watch their unstudied raptures and not feel a sympathetic touch of the same disease.

Good medicine it is for a work-wearied city man to stroll out on the bridge and share the simple pleasures of the country folk enjoying their first feast of the bridge.

At one end of the bridge is the city's one specimen of perfect architecture—the city hall. It is a building before which artists pause and sigh. The great public passes it by with scarce a glance or second thought. But to the visitors



FIFTH AVENUE'S MILLIONAIRE DISTRICT, FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET.

to the city it is one of the sights, with a capital S. They stop and read the inscriptions

on the walls showing its great historic interest. They go inside and visit the governor's room, where priceless relics of the time of Washington and others of the nation's founders are kept on free exhibition. Never been in the governor's room—old New Yorker, have you? Didn't know it was there! If you lived 500 miles from New York it would be one of the first places you went to see when you paid New York a visit. Thus familiarity breeds contempt.

Country folk are wonderfully interested in New York's prettiest park—the Battery. They have reason to be. It furnishes the prettiest water scene in the world at the price of nothing more than a visit to the place. And there is a magnificent building-scape looking northward into that strange canyon called Broadway, which is growing deeper all the while, because the buildings on its banks are growing higher.

In connection with the Battery are the ever-interesting Aquarium, where fishes more wonderful than Noah ever sailed among are at home to all who will take the time to see. There is also the Barge Office, gateway of the port, through which comes a microcosm—a little world composed of the immigrants

of every nation save China—there are no Chinese immigrants. It is not the fashion to have them, you know. They come

York who fails to take a Harlem car and visit Grant's Tomb. Thousands of New Yorkers make an occasional pilgrimage to the great mausoleum in Riverside Park, and tell their children the story of the man who tanned hides in his younger days and saved a nation from disruption—or at least led to victory the armies which did so—thus earning a nation's gratitude.

Beside the sepulcher is the beautiful Riverside Drive, New York's finest highway, which must be set down as one of the show places of New York, and which has attractions all its own.

When the infant city of New Amsterdam sprang into existence in the early part of the seventeenth century many farmers from Holland came over to seek their fortunes in the New World. They settled outside of the town and proceeded to develop the land by clearing away the woods and planting it with grain, fruit trees, and ornamental shrubs that they had brought with them.

Peter Stuyvesant, the sturdy old one-legged governor, who had a strong love of pastoral life, a short time after his arrival bought a large tract of land back in the country where a group of his countrymen had cast their lot, erected upon it a commodious house and a church where all might worship, and fixed that settlement forever as a conspicuous and interesting part of the history of New York. He called his residence and grounds "The Bouwerie," and the lane connecting it with New Am-

sterdam, they could smoke their long-stemmed pipes and drink schnapps.

In order to make the colonists feel at home in the new colony a man named Jansen built a tavern and clubhouse where Peter Cooper's statue now stands, but which at that time marked the junction of Bowery Lane and the Boston Post Road. As it was the only inn between Chatham Square and Harlem, it was liberally patronized, not only by the residents of Bouwerie Village, but also by the citizens of New Amsterdam, who rode out to Jansen's for pleasure or stopped on their way to distant farms to transact business.

Some of the great fortunes and the great families of New York today had their origin in Bouwerie Village, surrounding Cooper Square, and at the junction of the Boston Post Road and the Bouwerie Lane, and almost directly in front of the store of Browning, King & Co. the War of the Revolution was virtually brought to a close.

These are a few—just a few of a host—of the attractions which New York's great rare show has for the man with eyes to see and senses to enjoy. The list of them all would make a book. The New York of the present is a wonderful and a splendid place to live. And it does not do to fall asleep very long. For new wonders are springing up all the time, and the one who shuts his eyes upon the city for a while opens them to find strange sights confronting him on every side.



CITY HALL, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS IN THE CITY.



RIVERSIDE DRIVE, LOOKING NORTH FROM NINETY-FOURTH STREET.